THE COMMONWEAL

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IMPORTED IMPRESSIONS

AS A NATION we have been exasperated time out of number by the arrogance of foreign visitors who train a monocle on the national Capitol or the architecture of South Bend and Ashtabula, and describe it subsequently as typical provincialism, well-thought of in these parts, but fundamentally amusing. The criticism is all the more annoying because it is tinctured with a playful amiability that tries to be good natured, but sounds amazingly like condescension, and because in most of the cases which are brought to our attention through the printed word, it is directed rather at surface differences than at essential divergences from the European type. These would take more care and thought to study than our flippant visitors have the time or the inclination to give to them.

It is not the control of our Supreme Court over legislature, our swollen homicide statistics, the susceptibility of our juries to the "argumentum ad hominem," or even the unreality of an Eighteenth Amendment under whose restraints the visitor, if he comes to us sufficiently introduced and authenticated, need never suffer, that attracts his amused comment, but rather such gross national mannerisms as chewing gum, wearing large tortoise-shell spectacles in place of the evanescent pince-nez, the neighborly promiscuity of our residential sections and sleeping-cars, the unaccountable preference for the right-hand instead of the left-hand drive in traffic. Sometimes we are forcibly reminded of Corporal Trim's comments upon the French nation, which we take the liberty of quoting from memory—"A strange nation, the French. They dress their guards in blue and their infantry in white. Everyone knows that foot-guards should wear red."

It is true that superficial differences, which seem to cause irritation in inverse proportion to their importance, are in course of gradual disappearance. The rapid growth of European travel, the international vogue of the American film, the enterprise of patriotic store-keepers, who can think of no better recommendation for their merchandise than the label "imported," are reducing them year by year. Gum is no longer chewed save by stealth in circles to which the etiquette manuals penetrate; the denizen of demolished Regent Street or the Strand need no longer cross the ocean to see the sky-scraper in actual granite and concrete; an eruption of solid-rimmed spectacles is reported from London; trousers of quite Oxford volume are walking Fifth Avenue, side by side with intelligent anticipations of what the rue de la Paix will be wearing when it gets round to it; shops, or even "shoppes," of an exquisite smallness and exclusiveness are showing a pert face in the

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shadow of the big dry-goods stores whose bulk, comprehensiveness, and very name once grated upon the nerves of the sensitive traveler from overseas. The day cannot be long delayed when tea will be served in our public offices between four and five, and the last barrier that stands against complete fusion of manners and customs will have fallen.

Meantime, and pending the dawn of this auspicious day, there is some comfort to our ruffled susceptibilities in the consideration that it is often the foreigner, when he is gifted with intelligence and sympathy, who singles out with the finest emphasis those circumstances about us which are most worthy of admiration. Lincoln was first given a worthy setting by John Drinkwater. The English have always been more appreciative of Hawthorne's delicate texture than ourselves. France rescued Edgar Allan Poe from hopeless inches of library dust. More recently, Sir Frederick Maurice set forth with something like adequate insight the noble military career of Robert Lee. His book on the great Confederate soldier indeed is so perceptive and illuminating, that it may lead us to crystallize our opinions about a genius in generalship that is nothing less than a national glory.

Hidden behind these fine gestures of appreciation is a truth worthy of careful meditation, and never more than now when national consciousness, carried to excess, may very well wreck all the benefit derived from the communicativeness that science is putting within our reach. We seldom stop to reflect how much we have gained, even since our racial composition, hardened into the mold it bears today, from men and women who were scarcely, in the accepted sense, completely outfitted Americans. It was Baron Steuben who taught us military discipline, and from his day to the era of Steinmetz, German technical ability has helped us to much of our brilliant mastery of natural forces. French aid began with Lafayette, and has continued in marked ways to the recent time, when the scholarship of M. Jusserand added graces to our culture. Gentlemen from Italy and Poland still preside over our music; our brightest newspapermen are still Irish by birth or descent; in matters of religion it is only necessary to recall the names of towering prelates like Bishop Marty, or saintly martyrs like the Blessed Isaac Jogues; in medicine, the Canadian, Osler. All this may be recognized without lessening our respect for the goodly record of achievement that is native to us.

It may be said these are honored and selected names, and that they bear an infinitesimal proportion to the vast volume of immigration that has been unloaded upon American shores, and whose incorporation into the body of our citizenship is one of the pressing needs of the time. But it can at least be claimed that the very fact such men have come to us from time to time, lending us their services and placing at our disposition their inherited culture, should temper our judgment upon their poorer blood brothers whose only difference is often merely their poverty and the inhibition of finer impulses, when faced with the naked struggle for bread. To pass from a concert where the art of Paderewski, the Pole, has been transmitted to us through the invention of Marconi the Italian, only to dismiss the kindred of both men as "hunkies," or "wops," is not only an offense against charity but against logic as well. But it is to be feared it is a revenge Americans too often take for the occasional condescension and criticism that reaches them from foreign visitors of higher social status.

Impressions, if only because they are so commonly shared, and because comparatively so few pass beyond them, are more important than deliberate judgments, and it is a flaw alike in our own impressions of the alien and his impressions of us, that from the very nature of the case, they have hitherto remained partial and one-sided. Between the immigrant, who lands upon our shores with little save the tatters and rags of his inherited traditions to show, and the distinguished strangers, men or women, of achievement and culture, accredited to men and women of equal culture and achievement in this country, there seems to be no middle ground, no real opportunity afforded for the "plain men" of Europe and America to make one another's acquaintance. The stigma of "immigrant" continues to rest upon every man of foreign birth who chooses to make his home and livelihood, often by some contribution of real worth, in the United States. The assumption that he is here only because America affords him better material conditions, and never from any sincere preference for American life and contacts, lies at the root of a good deal of the grudging attitude toward him—the charges of divided allegiance that continue to be insinuated by the fanatics of the new nationalism—the invitations to "get out if he doesn't like the country," which greet his mildest criticisms. Those who adopt this attitude fail to see that, incidentally, they are paying their own country the poorest of all compliments.

Why should we not seek to develop contacts with worth-while people from other lands who are neither immigrants nor globe-trotters, nor lecturers with a flippant and patronizing book in view? Exchange professorships accomplish something. But the exchange professor seldom remains in this country long enough to get beyond first impressions and initial difficulties. He would be really profitable if he came as something like an envoy of culture other than ours, and kept his residence till it was considered expedient to select his successor. If such men represented not literature alone, but science and social thinking, much would be done in helping us to understand the European life and problems. It seems likely that even more might be accomplished in aiding us to understand ourselves.

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THE COMMONWEAL

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WEEK BY WEEK

ACTIVITIES in Morocco have assumed the proportions of a stern and desperate conflict for the saving of French colonial enterprise in North Africa. Abd-el-Krim seems to have mustered a large number of additional troops; the mental attitude of the natives is not dependable; and the French have found it necessary to increase their forces and vote larger credits. The difficulties of the situation may be traced to two chief causes: the nature of the terrain in which the fighting must be done, and Communist opposition to the campaign as a whole. The Riff country is a mountainous district which has never been penetrated, and in which military operations on a grand scale are out of the question. During the thirteen years of French rule in Morocco, civilized life has been made possible, to some extent at least, even to the fringes of the territory which the fighting Moslem chief now occupies. This territory could hardly be assimilated in thirteen more peaceful years; it cannot be subjugated in a month of battle. Marshal Lyautey's effort must be in the direction of watchful guerilla warfare; and since there is good reason for believing that his opponents receive help from Turkey and other portions of Islam, the day of peace may be a long way off.

COMMUNIST opposition to the African policy is particularly obstructive now because the present government is driven to conciliate the party of the extreme Left. Such opposition seems blind to the potential value of Morocco to France. It is quite true that as yet the commercial benefits have been negligible, but it is also true that up until now the task confronting the colonial administration has been simply a task of preparation. To discontinue the work now—to abandon an endeavor which has cost so much in many ways—would be folly. But the Communist agitation is not based on any variety of legitimate argument. It is simply a form of pacifism, abetted by a desire to aid the Internationale by hampering the army. None of us, even if we incline to believe imperialism a moral and political evil, can disregard the plain fact that the presence of France in Morocco is a blessing for civilization. Between the Islam of Abd-el-Krim and the splendid work of French soldiers, there is but one possible choice.

THE high seriousness with which statesmen are discussing the collection of national war debts, finds its counterpart in the sombre meditations of the debtors. There is some excuse for the persistency with which Senator Borah has urged collection; there is also some excuse for the bitterness with which Jacques Banville recently commented upon the situation in La Liberté. Victory has brought in its train few who are not victims, and we must all hope and pray that any way finally chosen out of the economic impasse set up by the collapse of national wealth during recent years, will not lead over the ruins of any people. History comments grimly on several similar situations now practically forgotten. Senator Luzzatti, writing in the Corriere della Sera, recalls an instance that is most pertinent. When Edward III of England was conducting his war against France, and among other things laying the foundations of British maritime supremacy, he borrowed lavishly from the great bankers of the then wealthy city of Florence. Without the glittering gold which men like Bardi and Peruzzi supplied in lavish measure, the King would have been forced to retire speedily to his island realm.

WHEN everything was over, however, and the royal treasury did not fill up as rapidly as had been expected, no effort was made to repay the loans. No one regretted the situation more than the monarch, but he had many more pressing matters on his hands. To this breach of international financial faith and confidence dates the bankruptcy of Florence and the decay of northern Italy. Manuals of history seldom refer to this circumstance—which is, however, familiar to the curious student. But it is well worth while to recall such details at the present moment, when we are forced to realize, as never before, the rôle of wealth in the good government of men. National indebtedness is a form of national anæmia, the cure for which must not be expected in a day, and violent remedies for which are apt to entail the collapse and death that in the physical order have a way of following operations in themselves technically brilliant.

THE failure of the brokerage firm of Dean, Onativia, is of unusual significance because it involves

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the dissolution of the Grain Marketing Company, a merger of four independent concerns in a gigantic attempt to establish coöperative marketing. On July 28, the dissolution will be effected; and thus a dream to which many intelligent men have devoted a great deal of hard work will come to an end. No similar enterprise has had anything like the magnitude and apparent possibilities of this $26,000,000 corporation, and its failure will inevitably lead many to conclude that coöperation cannot be established without government aid. In the first place, and despite all the discussion that has been carried on, farmers generally are unaware of the benefits that might accrue from selling in common, and suspicious of private individuals who propose helping them. A report on rural-urban coöperation issued recently by the Federal Council of Churches (Department of Research and Education) perhaps puts its finger on the main difficulty when it deplores the fact that "there is a good deal of antagonism, suspicion and misunderstanding between farmers' marketing and urban consumers' organizations," and that good relations between the two are "perhaps the exception rather than the rule."

SECONDLY, the average American farmer has come to depend upon the government to a far greater extent than does labor or industry. He has not learned the knack of getting together with his neighbors for the purpose of working in common for the good of all. Middle-western agricultural districts are dotted with weather-beaten creameries and other productive plants in which the coöperative principle has been applied without success. It is safe to say that in almost all cases failure has been due to the farmers' indifference. This situation is unfortunate, but it is very real. If therefore the Department of Agriculture and Congress undertake, as seems likely enough, the education of the farmer in this matter, they will render a service which, however long it may take, will do more to remedy the basic ills of agricultural life than all other expedients could. We believe the need is not so much for measures which will help the farmer, as for measures which will show him how to help himself.

AT the very moment when news from China is awry with bloodshed and disturbance, there comes the announcement that the community of peace—the great Order of Saint Benedict—will make a foundation in Pekin and conduct a Catholic university there. The arduous labor involved in this undertaking will fall upon the shoulders of American monks, particularly those of the abbey of Saint Vincent. Dr. Barry O'Toole, now an oblate, whose book on evolution has been discussed so widely, is to become one of the members of the faculty. How the new university came into being is a story as interesting as some fantastic legend out of ancient China. It was Ying Lien Chih, administrator of a government industrial school, and formerly an editor, who wrote to His Holiness, Benedict XV, a remarkable letter setting forth the educational need of China and begging that there be sent "learned men, meek and humble of heart, that they may be our leaders." Little more than tentative efforts could be made before the death of His Holiness, however; but Pope Pius XI immediately took the matter to his heart, set apart a personal donation of 100,000 lire, and directed that a request to undertake the work be sent once again to the abbot of Saint Vincent's. At present the upbuilding of the university is under his direction, although the assistance of the entire American-Chinese congregation has been pledged. The outbreak of trouble will not halt the enterprise. The sons of Saint Benedict once lifted Europe from its morass of chaos and founded stalwart centres of learning, sanctity, and peace. No form of monasticism is so well adapted to accomplish the same beneficent service for China—to bring the radiance of a benignant civilization to an Orient that is threatened with spiritual barbarism and the turmoil of a materialistic tomorrow.

IT is interesting to contrast the discoveries of Professor Bontisch-Osmolovsky in the Crimea and his observations upon them. These discoveries are of two Neanderthaloid skulls in a district very much further east than any in which similar remains have previously been disclosed. The race in question is undoubtedly very early, and according to some, though the view is vigorously opposed by others, completely extinct, being thus in the position of a collateral, but not a direct ancestor of man. In the Professor's opinion these people wandered about Europe some 50,000 to 25,000 years ago—the climate then being very cold and wet, for they belonged to the middle of the ice age. The Professor's dates are on the conservative side, as dates now seem to be running —for there are still earnest souls who will not be content with anything less than 350,000 years for the same people, an eloquent testimony as to the value of prehistoric chronology. They had a shambling gait, he thinks, quite unlike that of the splendid Cro-Magnon race which replaced them—a race which has never since been surpassed physically. But the Professor, so Science tells us, concludes—"Yet they were not brutes. They had large brains and knew how to make stone tools. We can even be fairly sure that they were right-handed, for one side of the brain was larger than the other. They had little or no art, but they had at least the beginnings of religion, for they buried their dead." And it may be added, in more westerly parts of Europe, those accompanying gifts are found which make it quite clear that they believed that man's existence was not terminated by death. That is what we know as to the earliest men, but if it was attempted to write down all that has been surmised about them, it is clear that no library

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but the greatest could well contain all the volumes that must be included.

"YOU may find," said Plutarch, writing before the birth of Christ, "communities without walls; without letters; without kings; without money; with no need of coinage; without acquaintance with theatres or gymnasia; but a community without holy rite; without a god; that uses not prayer; without sacrifice to win good or avert evil—no man ever saw or ever will see." That no man has ever seen or known of such a thing has been proved up to the hilt: that man never will see such a thing is at least to be hoped. As far as we can go back in human history there has always been religion. That, the ceremonial interments proved beyond dispute. Thus in his highest and most noble attribute—the sense of God and of immortality—has man ever been divided from the lower animals.

ONE of Mr. Chesterton's most recent papers had to do with the difficulties which confront a would-be visitor to the United States from foreign parts. He unraveled the red tape good-naturedly, but still with a realism which proved how annoying a voyage to Ohio might become for a resident Londoner. Commissioner Curran has now attacked the system from the heights of Ellis Island itself, calling attention to the unfairness which subjects all third-class passengers to inspection and quarantine. There is every reason why Mr. Curran should be given all the approval and support our citizenry can muster. The poor traveler of today is often the student, the writer, the statesman of tomorrow. Time was when Robert Louis Stevenson was just such a traveler. We want men of this stamp to familiarize themselves with the United States, and assist in the internationalization of culture. It is folly to impose upon them a code of regulation which Mr. Curran rightly terms "un-American, artificial and upside-down." Unless we desire to be termed more hide-bound than the most dictatorial bureaucracies, we will not permit the necessities created by the new immigration laws to kill courtesy.

THE RUSSIAN BALLAST

THE mystery of the Russian revolution has always been this—how a country so prevailingly agricultural can be pledged to a form of government essentially devoted to industrial class warfare. To some extent the answer may be seen by implication in the agrarian reforms adopted at the last convention of the International Executive Committee and now being carried out. It was voted to aid, by all means within the power of the government, those "progressive farmers" who had hitherto been ruled out of the soviets on the ground that they were capitalists. This step was taken because, though the wheat crop of 1924 was known to be sufficient for the internal demands of Russia, it did not come to market. Protecting agricultural individualism was the obvious remedy, and puzzlingly enough the Communists did not fear to compromise with their principles in applying it. They did even more: the agrarian taxes have been lowered by 35 percent; and of the amount collected, one-third is to be devoted to the improvement of agricultural conditions. The many competent observers who believe that Communism will continue to thrive find new support for their thesis in the situation that has developed in Russia. They point out once more that most of those who expect the present bolshevik régime to collapse, are unaware of the nature of the population and of the changes which have been wrought in the country that was once the vast empire of the Czars.

The most amazing feature of the general situation in Russia, and one which makes any parallels drawn from industrial communities and countries particularly unhelpful to prognosticians, is that, owing to the fact that industrialism in the former Russian empire is an overlay of comparatively recent origin and superficial penetration, Lenin and his associates could throw the industrial and political life of their country out of gear without necessarily destroying the eventual well-being of its people—90 percent of whom are farmers. Indeed, revolution has been in many respects profitable to the small land-holders. After surveying the situation, a competent German student of Russian affairs, Axel von Oertzen arrives at the following conclusions —"The Russian farmer is naturally a revolutionist. Within the limits of his community, he is accustomed to work in union with his fellows. The small groups of which he is a member—the Mir, for instance—are conducted in just the same manner as the great systems of coöperative buying and selling, in which millions of men are interested. Industrially the Russian farmer has never been an individualist in the strict sense of the term. The pleasure he takes in work done in common with his neighbors—the sense of a social destiny joining him closely with his neighbors—these things are real and vital to him. Now it so happens that the present Russian government harmonizes very well with the natural characteristics of the farm population."

There is food for reflection in these remarks. If the Communistic régime, instead of pushing its industrial program to the limit and attempting to become essentially a propaganda agency for Marxism, can develop gradually into a coöperative agricultural commonwealth, it may prove permanent, and within its own limits, a way out of present troubles, both for Russia and the world at large. Russia, it is true, can never hope to become a great industrial nation under such conditions; but it is certainly an open question whether a country, agrarian by tradition, is not really better off so, than transformed into an industrial entity for which neither its nature nor history befit it.

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AT DAYTON, TENNESSEE

By MICHAEL WILLIAMS

TWENTY-FIVE years of newspaper experience had not in the least prepared me for Dayton, except in such minor matters as finding my way to committee headquarters, telegraph offices, and in asking questions of all and sundry whenever difficulties arose—and any drummer is as good if not better than any journalist in all such technicalities.

Dayton and its "story" are unique. The oldest reporter present is mystified, and ill at ease. There is a bigger representation of writers, telegraphers, artists, photographers and the other items of the newspaper circus than at any other big story since the naval limitation conference at Washington. I have met men here whom I foregathered with at great news events in Panama, San Francisco, Washington and New York, and have met dozens of others unknown to me—and with all it is the same thing, never before encountered in all my press experience, namely, a sense of wonder, if not of sheer bewilderment, at the nature of the "story" itself, including the scene, its incidents, and its atmosphere. And all this I consider important. The press has made this story. Its spotlight has been turned upon Dayton as if by a common agreement among all editors everywhere that it was naturally the thing to do.

And yet, the newspaper workers at the spot warmly disagree as to the "value" of the story. Some say there is little real public interest in the case. Others consider it the most significant and truly important assignment of their careers. It is true that no crowd of visitors has appeared at Dayton. The expected onrush of tourists and interested onlookers has not materialized. If it were not for the newspaper workers, Dayton today would be what it was yesterday, and will be again tomorrow—or very soon—a sun-baked, slumberous, rather agreeable little country town among charming, wooded hills, forty miles from the nearest city, and a million miles away from anything urban, sophisticated, or exciting.

But in spite of the absence of crowds, millions upon millions of readers are supposedly following the columns and pages of stuff spread throughout the country by the press. Are the editors right or wrong in this matter? Has the famous news-sense deserted its high priests and adepts? Have these news experts fallen en masse for the skilful publicity work of the Civil Liberties League and of W. J. Bryan? Or is *their instinct right?* Is the Dayton trial the evidence of the coming of a vast religious issue in this country—a great struggle to be waged in the press, in the political arena, and in the courts between Protestant fundamentalists and a most bizarre and incongruous aggregation of "liberal" Protestants, "modernists," "scientists" (some of them genuinely deserving the title, and heaps of them mere dabblers and pretenders) and of free speech champions, agnostics, cranks, and "nuts"? Allied with this curious group are plenty of solid American citizens, honestly alarmed by the threat made by Mr. Bryan that he intends nothing less than to bring about a union between church and state: the "church" in question being militant Protestant fundamentalist bodies—whatever else they may call themselves, whether Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian, Holy Rollers, and so forth and so on through all the more than forty-nine varieties. Is this what we are approaching on the eve of the one-hundred-and-fiftieth celebration of the birth of the republic, one of whose fundamental principles has been the complete and permanent separation of church and state?

But even this enormous question does not quite dominate the minds of the newsmen and special writers at Dayton. Something not of this world and its politics has descended upon this remote Tennessee valley. Fantastic as are many of the aspects of this amazing drama, ludicrous even as are some of the characters playing their parts amid movie cameras, buzzing aeroplanes, radio installations, clicking telegraph keys, chattering typewriters, and all the apparatus of up-to-the-last-minute publicity, some quality deeper and graver and more disturbing than all the issues of ordinary life pervades everything said or done.

As you turn into the grove of trees surrounding the court house, you read a hand-lettered sign which proclaims—

> The Kingdom of God, Paradise Street, is at hand.
> Forty days of prayer itemizing your sins and iniquities, for eternal life—if you come clean.
> God will talk back to you in voice.
>
> Deck Carter,
> Bible Champion of the World.

Deck Carter is an itinerant preacher, who says he is the only person to whom God has talked since Joan of Arc. Hardened newspaper reporters who have investigated Deck Carter tell me he is an honest man who won't take money as he goes about the country calling people to God. Deck Carter's methods are rough and crude, but perhaps his strange sign is more to the point in explaining Dayton than the brilliant, if rather stereotyped, yokel-joshing of Henry L. Mencken; or the clever descriptions of the young gentlemen of the Nation or the New Republic. Perhaps Bryan is right when he calls this trial a battle between Christianity and irreligion, or paganism.

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Bryan may be quite wrong in the methods he advocates for waging the Christian fight—I, for one, think he is dangerously wrong—and yet he may be right in sensing the fact that the Dayton case is in fact a testing of the relative strength of the Christian religion, and of the agglomeration of vague, yet violent and destructive, moods and heresies and philosophies allied against revealed religion.

I found, among several of the most experienced newspaper correspondents, an agreement that Bryan was being supported by many people who otherwise would not be in his favor, because of the character of the forces opposing him in this case. The avowed irreligious views of Darrow, the presence in the case of the divorce-court lawyer who is seconding Darrow, the general reputation of the Civil Liberties League as the champion of socially dangerous people and causes—these facts seem to give much support to Bryan's proclamation that the Scopes case is part of an organized assault upon fundamental Christian principles and social customs.

To a Catholic, the pity of it all is that Christianity should seem to be represented only by men who, however earnest and sincere they may be, are nevertheless so limited and narrow, and in their actions unguided by anything more dependable or authoritative than their own personal, private judgments, and the confused and conflicting tenets of their sectarian views—the disjecta membra of what the Protestant bodies managed to preserve after their disastrous breach with the central and historic Church 400 years ago.

Indeed, to visit Dayton is—for a Catholic—to realize how isolated and remote is the historic tradition and the reasoned theology, the age-tested philosophy and scholarship of the Catholic Church, in American life today. Oh, for a Newman in the United States! Oh, for a really national Catholic voice, or Catholic movement, explanatory of Christianity, and competent to meet thoughtful and enquiring minds on a level of intellectual expression commensurate with the needs of the time! Catholics in the Dayton valley are as exotic and remote as Mohammedans. There is no Catholic church or chapel. Even in Chattanooga there is only one Catholic church. And as it is in Dayton and Chattanooga, so also is it in a thousand other communities throughout the South and the West, where Christianity is represented solely by Protestant sects led by preachers who, with their flocks, are anything but educated. Among the mass of books and pamphlets exposed for sale by the Anti-Evolution Committee in Dayton, opposite the court house, Catholicism is present only in a vile farrago of bigotry entitled—Romanism Versus Americanism. You do not find anything by Canon Dorlodot, or Dr. Barry O'Toole, or Father Wasmann, or Sir Bertram Windle, or Abbot Mendel—nothing representative of Catholic thought whether in favor of, or controverting the evolutionary theories. There is only this book, repeating all the old, scabrous attacks upon the Church as the enemy of the American republic.

But it would be unjust to give the impression that the Dayton folk, or Tennesseans in general, are mere Catholic-baiters. All the available evidence tends the other way. The Ku Klux Klan failed to effect any headway in Dayton, and the handful of Catholics in Chattanooga live in amity and peace among their Protestant fellow citizens.

The point is that so far as really vital Christian principles and beliefs are concerned, the struggle that is impending is not between Catholics and Protestants—it is between valid Christianity and modern paganism. The greater number of Americans today—and particularly is this true of the young people—are not Christians. They are pagans, or inclined strongly to paganism. And Protestant Christianity cannot possibly appeal to them or overcome their movement away from revealed religion. Only Catholicism can oppose the operations of their intellects, and reach their hearts as well. So at least, the present chronicler believes.

Catholics would do well, therefore, to follow this Dayton case, and to study the forces moving behind it, most thoroughly. The mere fact that newspapers are so interested in the case and have made it a leading feature, in itself does not mean very much. Newspapers were equally interested in Shelby, Montana, and in the prize fight which for a brief period gave Shelby a notoriety equal to that now thrust upon (and eagerly welcomed and encouraged by) Dayton, Tennessee. But that religion and the vast implications of religion could so force themselves upon the attention of the press—which is of this world, worldly—is in itself a portent of enormous significance.

The Dayton trial may or may not satisfy the expectations of the skilful and experienced publicity experts represented on both sides of the controversy. At the moment of writing (from the battleground itself) the indications are that the elaborate plans drawn up for the introduction of a mass of testimony by college professors, scientists, "liberal" or "fundamentalist" clergymen, and for the turning loose of torrents of special pleading, have been made in vain. The actual court proceedings may be confined strictly to the facts tending to prove whether young Mr. Scopes did or did not break the anti-evolution law. If he did not, the great case falls flat, and the issues behind it will have to be threshed out along some other line. If he did break the law, and is adjudged guilty by the jury of Protestant fundamentalist farmers, who are to decide the matter, the first scene of this vast drama will close at Dayton, and the intricate process of law will be carried on in higher courts elsewhere, until Washington and the Supreme Court are reached.

But however the matter goes, the Dayton trial is and will remain historical in a vital and permanent sense. An issue—indeed many issues—of the most

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serious importance have been opened up, not to be put away into obscurity again. The American people are being asked a question more probing and more vital to their interests than all the questions being put to the jurymen and witnesses at Dayton—and the question is—"Shall sectarian religious views be written into the law of the land?"

According to Mr. Hendrik Willem van Loon, author of syndicated, not to say syncopated, books on history and religion, who has just returned from overseas, Europe regards the Dayton trial as a "free-for-all vaudeville show." It is "the laughing stock of Europe." Well, there is much justification for that view. Some of the episodes at Dayton, many of the characters in the show, are indeed comic, clownish, ludicrous. The mercurial Mr. Mencken is only one of a small army of writers and cartoonists who will spread through the world these aspects of the case. According to the special writer for Science Service, a syndicate which is taking advantage of the occasion for all it is worth to "educate" the millions of newspaper readers in the "real" issues of the case, as Science Service sees them—"God must have been interested if He took time to look down on the packed courtroom, where Clarence S. Darrow carefully considered," etc., etc.

In all reverence, let it be admitted that the Science Service writer, while perhaps prejudiced a little bit in favor of the importance of Mr. Darrow, is not so wrong after all. He is much nearer the truth than Dr. van Loon. God must be interested in this amazing scene in this green valley in the hills of Tennessee, because through all the grotesqueries of the drama there does emerge the great fact that God's children are asking themselves, and each other, the question of questions—"What of God and the soul?"

In Hilaire Belloc's latest book, The Cruise of the Nona, he relates how Cardinal Manning once told him that all disputes among men were ultimately spiritual; the roots of all human conflicts were essentially religious differences. Belloc was a young man when the wise old Cardinal so spoke to him. Thirty or forty years of active life were necessary before the truth in the churchman's saying became fully revealed. And what Belloc discovered is becoming known also now to all thinking men and women. Even the newspaper press is at last awaking to the fact that behind and beneath all our human problems, explaining them so far as they can be explained, coloring them and subtly and irresistibly determining their modes of expression, are the deep things of the spiritual world. When the analysts of the causes of war have gone into all the highways and byways of research, they too will discover the truth of Manning's words. Whether one student comes to the opinion that economic rivalries supply the main cause, or some other decides that racial antagonisms are the primary factors—no matter what conclusion is reached, all will discover that another question remains, namely—"And what cause explains these economic rivalries, or racial antagonisms? What, in the last analysis, determines or sets going all human actions?" And more and more it becomes apparent that in the human heart, the human soul, alone can we seek for the central springs of action. For generations and centuries men have been desperately trying to get away from their own souls, and to escape from the Creator and Father of Souls. Every cause of human ills and sorrows, save one cause only, has been studied, and named, and struggled with—all to such little avail! The one cause ignored has been Sin. The truth that behind economic struggles, whether on the huge scale between great nations, or opposing business companies, or between individuals, lie the sins of greed or envy, has been ignored. A thousand similar truths have been ignored, by all save the guardians and the guides of the Church established by Jesus Christ.

All the representatives of all the numerous schools and coteries vaguely grouped together under the amorphous general title of "modern thought"—all the philosophers and psychologists who supply the ever-shifting formulas and experimental hypotheses through which these modern movements seek for some system coherent enough to give a frame-work and foundation to society—are finding in this Dayton trial a peg upon which to hang their propaganda. Meanwhile, the champions of Protestant fundamentalism, seeking with fervor to withstand threatened dissolution of the multitudinous and conflicting creeds springing up in the wake of Luther and Calvin and Knox, and Henry VIII, are desperately striving to defeat the modernists who still claim to be Protestant and Christian, and their allies, the leaders of non-Christian movements, by harking back to the method which in America at least has been considered, since the Revolution, to have been finally discarded, namely—alliance with and control of the powers of civil government.

That the place of religion in life, its relations to law and social customs, should be thus eagerly debated, is all to the good. Truth will be found by many souls. Indifference to religion is perhaps worse than active opposition to its claims. All this is true, but the attempt that seems actually to be under way to bring about once more something very close to union between state and church—or, rather a bundle of sectarian churches—must certainly cause foreboding dread.

William Jennings Bryan's declaration that he will head a movement to add to the Constitution a new amendment giving state governments the right to control education and to regulate social customs according to the tenets of Protestant fundamentalism—a declaration which many competent publicists say has behind it the supporting weight of a vast number of American citizens in the southern, mid-western and western states—is a sign of the times, the seriousness of which should not be laughed at, still less ignored.

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That such a method of imposing what are believed to be Christian principles—but which in many cases may only be the self-determined but utterly erroneous fads and foibles of Protestant sectarianism—cannot possibly succeed, may be taken for granted by all save its proponents. But the mere attempt to carry it into effect would be hardly short of disastrous. Passions which in other years and other lands have blazed into all the horrors of religious wars will be rekindled if such a movement takes place. Surely, even those who, while not sharing the peculiar tenets of Protestant fundamentalism, still sympathize with this movement in so far as it seeks to conserve and to spread the true, central doctrines of Christianity, should make it quite clear that they abhor any idea of changing the original American status of the separation of church and state.

For this reason it seems to me that the action of Colonel P. H. Callahan, of Louisville, Kentucky, in appearing at the Scopes trial as a supporter of Mr. Bryan, and the interpretation put upon his action by a large part of the press, construing it as official Catholic support of Mr. Bryan, was deplorable. There were attempts made on behalf of Mr. Bryan to secure official Catholic representation on the committee to assist Mr. Bryan. These attempts all failed. As Colonel Callahan himself said at Dayton, he did *not* represent the Catholic Church; he only represented Colonel Callahan, and he was there as an individual to back up his friend, Mr. Bryan. Yet as the reporters gazed upon him seated with the Judge, or by Mr. Bryan, the impression which many of them received, and which they made a matter of public importance through headlines and sensational despatches, was that in the person of Colonel Callahan, American Catholicism was taking its place with the Protestant fundamentalists in the opening stages of a great struggle to capture the mechanism of state government for the propagation of religion. Surely, intelligent Catholics should concur in thinking that cold water of the chilliest sort should be thrown upon any such disastrous movement.

Catholicism has before it a marvelous opportunity in this situation which has not been created, but which has been made critical by the Dayton trial. As the conserver and only authoritative definer of Christian principles, the Catholic Church has nothing to lose and much to gain by the present interest in religion and science. It will surely oppose—but in its own way—all efforts from all quarters to destroy or minimize true Christian doctrine. But it has not and cannot ally itself with such fanatical movements as that led by Mr. Bryan.

If out of the Dayton trial there shall come a national American Catholic movement, at once truly spiritual and intellectual, American public opinion is ripe to receive its message, and the apostolic mission of the Catholic Church will be well and timely served.

COMMUNICATIONS

THE WORK OF ROTARY

Sacramento, Cal.

TO the Editor:—Since Babbitt appeared, it has been the custom of a certain class of journalists, of which perhaps H. L. Mencken of the American Mercury is the type, to criticize Rotary. I was very sorry, therefore, to see the reviewer of Bruce Barton's book on the life of Christ, join with Rotary's critics. I feel certain that no Catholic writer, who looked into Rotary at all, would be one of its critics. What Rotary is trying to do in rather an humble way, is to put into practice the Golden Rule. It expresses this in the form—"He profits most who serves best;" but it interprets this, not in a money sense only, but in the sense of spiritual gain. It seeks to bring this ideal into everyday life.

That some Rotarians fail to live up to it is true. That some Rotarians become over-enthusiastic and seek to substitute Rotary for religion, is also true. But surely such an ideal is better than no religion at all. Every Rotarian knows that many Catholics are Rotarians, and almost every club is anxious to extend membership to a priest.

If Rotary did nothing else but its crippled-children work, it would be worth-while. I have before me the monthly report of the Sacramento Rotary Club on this work, and find that out of the eighty crippled children found in the county, fifty-seven are or have been under treatment. Many of these have been completely cured, while others have been greatly improved. Rotary never worries about anyone's religion, but I believe that over one-half the local crippled children are Catholic. We call this "service in action."

HARRY E. MAGEE.

GEORGE DESVALLIÈRES

Pittsburgh, Pa.

TO the Editor:—Apropos of the comment which was made in The Commonweal some time ago on George Desvallières's decorations in this year's Exposition of Christian Art, it may be of interest to your readers to know that Desvallières visited the United States in April, 1923. He came to this country as the guest of the Carnegie Institute to serve on the jury of award for the Twenty-second International Exhibition of Paintings. At that exhibition he showed a large canvas, The Fall—the Redemption, which was part of the decoration planned for a private chapel in the south of France.

All who were fortunate to come in contact with him during his brief visit found him to be a great enthusiast for religious art—a kindly and humble man. Perhaps if I say he is a true "Vincentian" your readers will understand what manner of a man he is.

JOHN O'CONNOR, JR.

CATHOLICS AND PEACE

Forestport, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—I like Professor Hayes's Let Us Make Peace in a recent issue of The Commonweal very much. I hope it will cause some of us Catholics to give more thought to our international affairs.

EUGENE F. KINKEAD.

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THE HOLY PLACES OF PALESTINE

By HENRY C. WATTS

EARLY in December, 1917, General Allenby at the head of his troops, and accompanied by representatives of the Allied armies, entered the holy city of Jerusalem on foot. Simple as this entry was, it signified the end of the centuries-old domination of the Turk over the most sacred spots of Christendom. More than seven years have passed since Jerusalem fell to a Christian power, and to the great scandal of Christendom, the unseemly wrangle over the holy places appears to be as far from a settlement as ever.

The phrase, holy places, may be taken in a wide meaning. For the Jews and the Moslems have their own matters for readjustment, and the Christians have theirs also. Nor is the Christian problem one to be defined off-hand; for there are matters in dispute which involve Catholics of the Latin rite and Orthodox schismatics. Protestants, including the Anglicans, do not come within the sphere of the problem of the holy places—in this respect they have neither rights nor privileges, neither have the Catholics of the Greek rite, nor can English Catholics lay claim to any special privilege, apart from administrative sanction for the welfare settlement which the Catholic Women's League is now conducting at Bethlehem.

This matter of the holy places, in so far as it is being considered here, is a problem that directly relates to the Catholics of the Latin rite; though it is not the whole of the holy places problem. That it is still serious cannot be doubted. That it is a matter, not to be satisfactorily settled by a simple act of papal and ecclesiastical legislation, is abundantly clear from the fact that the Pope has commended the matter to the prayers of the Catholics.

So far, the whole blame for this failure to find a solution of the question of the holy places in Palestine, has been laid at the door of the British authorities. The English Catholics themselves, for a time, entertained very critical opinions of their government in this matter; though it is extremely doubtful whether at the present time any properly informed English Catholic holds to this point of view. For it is now fairly obvious that the deadlock is due, not to what a French publicist declares to be the essential Protestant policy abroad of England, but to the mutual rivalries and jealousies of certain of the so-called Catholic powers.

Canon Bertoye, a distinguished French journalist and a co-editor of the Paris Catholic daily, La Croix, stated in his paper last year—

> The game of England in the course of these negotiations becomes even more and more clear—to foment discord between nations; to set their representatives one against the other; to bring about a deadlock successively in all the proposals that are made, and then, under the pretext that an end must be put to all this, to regulate autocratically every question.
>
> Already the high commissioner has, by a decree, arrogated to himself the right to withdraw from the ordinary courts causes which he himself may consider of a religious nature, in order to submit them to a special jurisdiction which, so far as one knows, has not been set up, and which England, by a tricky device, will appoint officially.
>
> However arduous the question may be, it seems to me that France and Italy have between them such interests in Palestine, that they ought to be able to find common ground for obstructing the confiscation of the holy places by England.

What is still in dispute in Palestine is the question of the ownership and guardianship of the holy places, the right of access and celebration of public worship therein, and the due enjoyment of such claims and rights. This is not some new complexity, that has arisen since Great Britain became the mandatory for Palestine; it is an inheritance to be traced back over several centuries, and, in part, a result of the system of blackmail which the Turks imposed on Christians visiting the holy sites. For its solution the League of Nations has ordered the constitution of a special commission, and until that commission has investigated and reported, the British have announced that the status quo ante bellum will be strictly observed. An English official personage, well qualified to give an opinion, declares that, first of all, the English government entertains no thought of confiscating the holy places, and that, secondly, even if it had these intentions the League of Nations would at once step in, declare the mandate to have been violated, and insist on the action being disavowed.

Article XIV of the Palestine mandate orders the appointment of the special commission to determine rights and claims in connection with the holy places. The method of nomination, the composition and functions of this commission, must be submitted to the Council of the League for its approval, and the commission is not to be appointed or enter upon its functions without the approval of the council.

This commission, as the whole world knows, has not been appointed nor has it entered upon its functions. And this is due, not to any treacherous designs of England on the holy places, but mainly on account of the conflicting rivalries and jealousies of the French and the Italians.

The British started off with excellent intentions, but with the most lamentable ignorance imaginable. When their scheme was known, they were told in advance by a most distinguished and eminent ecclesiastic in England that the plan would never be accepted for

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a moment. And, as events showed, it was emphatically rejected, for which the British have only themselves to blame.

The idea appears to have been that in making up this commission of the holy places, the whole world was to be combed out in search of a chairman of absolute impartiality. This paragon was espied afar off, in the United States. When it is added that the highly complimentary but ill-advised choice of a chairman for this commission fell on an American Protestant, there is no need to labor the point that the commission was stillborn.

The British apparently learned the lesson. For the Earl of Balfour, who was British representative at Geneva, told the Council of the League of Nations that the scheme itself met with great disfavor from those who represented Catholic opinion throughout the world. In the circumstances, Lord Balfour said, he and his government agreed that it would be folly to attempt to force the scheme through, even if such an attempt were likely to be successful.

The attempt to place an American Protestant in the important position of giving a casting vote in deciding the question of the holy places was frustrated. It would be, however, a very great mistake to see in this the reason why the problem continues unsolved, to the grave scandal of Christendom.

Fairly recently Cardinal Bourne contributed a brief preface to a new English edition of Father Meistermann's Guide to the Holy Land. In this preface the Cardinal of Westminster wrote some passages which, at the time, were considered to be of particular significance, and from which certain conclusions have since been drawn. The part of Cardinal Bourne's preface that attracted attention reads—

> It is only by the presence in the Holy Land of Catholics of every race and language that the rights of Christendom therein can be safely and adequately safeguarded. Reliance on any one nation, or influence, or speech, can in present circumstances only lead to misunderstanding and ultimate disaster. The holy places are the sacred and inalienable possession and concern of all who profess the Catholic Faith, whatever be the language in which they proclaim that faith and offer their prayers to God. To use such things with a view to the maintenance or extension of worldly power or political influence would indeed be a misuse of them, neither meriting nor deserving God's blessing.

Palestine is not a British colony; the English king has power and jurisdiction in Palestine, but only under the mandate of the League of Nations. And the British, whether they are Catholics or Anglicans or Protestant Dissenters, have not one single right or privilege over any other nationals in connection with the holy places, whose regulation is strictly in accordance with the status quo ante bellum. The English Catholics, when they recently visited Palestine on pilgrimage, derived not a single exceptional privilege at the holy places on account of their national government being the mandatory power. The Anglo-Catholics, who have twice visited Palestine on pilgrimage, were even more strictly used. For the fact that Anglicanism is the official religion of the English administration, did not mitigate the fact that the Anglicans, being neither Catholics of the Latin rite nor Orthodox schismatics, had no standing whatsoever under the status quo.

The failure of the attempted settlement of this vexed question must, therefore, be looked for in other directions. Speaking before the Council of the League of Nations, Lord Balfour said that even after the proposal for an American Protestant chairman of the commission of the holy places had been abandoned, other difficulties began to show themselves—"I may say that there really was no agreement found possible between colleagues of mine who represent countries in which the great majority of Christians are Catholic Christians." M. Hanotaux, who was the French representative on the council agreed to this, and said that the first step was to reach agreement among the Catholic powers.

This agreement has not been reached, and everything points to its not being reached in the near future. And until the Catholic powers, so-called, are agreed among themselves, the special commission will not be appointed, neither will the problem of the holy places be investigated, much less find a solution. The Holy See, whose representative, the Latin Patriarch of Jerusalem, now occupies a position analogous to that of a papal nuncio, is unable to impose a settlement, since the dispute rages around matters whose strings are held by the various foreign offices. The British are marking time, and strenuously applying the status quo; the Council of the League of Nations, for the moment at all events, has washed its hands of the affair.

Attempts to force an issue and gain an advantage over any other nation, by seeking a decision in a local court, have been headed off by the High Commissioner's action in withdrawing causes relating to religious sites and buildings from the competence of the ordinary courts in Palestine.

So long as the holy places are used as pawns for the maintenance or extension of worldly power or political influence, to refer to Cardinal Bourne's statement, there will be no settlement, and this open sore of Christendom will continue unhealed. There is more than a sufficiency of evidence to show that excessive touchiness in the matter of political prestige is the fundamental reason why the problem of the holy places of Palestine is still involved in an unseemly wrangle more than seven years after the Turk has been cleared out of the Holy Land.

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SPAIN'S CHARTER TO EMPIRE

By WALDO FRANK

AT Salamanca a Dominican friar teaches theology. His name is Fray Francisco de Vitoria. Salamanca, fostered by the Catholic kings, becomes the leading university of Spain. Spain becomes Austria, Artois, the Netherlands, Franche-Comté, northern and southern Italy, Sicily, the Balearic and Canary Islands, Africa from Ceuta to Oran, the Moluccas, the Philippines and the Americas from Florida to Tierra del Fuego. Carlos, son of the mad daughter of the Catholic kings, becomes head of an empire very like the dream of Isabel. He, too, is a creature of her will. The vastness of his realm has blotted out his sense of time and space. The heat of his religious fervor blurs his vision of mortal values. He will ride Spain as he might ride a horse in battle. He has inherited Spain as a weapon to be wielded—as a treasure to be spent to gain his end, which is imperial and holy. The world is his in order that it be Christ's.

The Dominican friar at Salamanca moves within the will of Carlos and of Spain. The blood of Isabel's empire is justice. Justice nourishes and cleanses. Carlos must be ruthless, but he must not be wrong. He will do what he desires—it must be proven right. The Americas make new challenges of conscience and of polity. Vitoria in Salamanca meets the king's need—and modern international law is ready for the world.

A full century before the Dutchman, Grotius (Hugues de Groot) Vitoria lays down a rationale of justice for existing powers, a structure in diapason between their economic needs and their inherited morale. He works for a modern state whose ideal is a theodicy of mediaeval Rome. The ideal has become more abstractly ethical—more economic. But Woodrow Wilson and the statesmen of the League of Nations are exact heirs of the Dominican.

Vitoria studies the problems of America in his Relectiones de Indis; the general problems of war in De Jure Belli. Both these works, it is significant to note, form part of his Relectiones Theologicae et Morales. A true creature of the will of Isabel, he has turned international problems into a problem of conscience. He denies independent form to his subject. The law of nations and of peoples is a moral law—it is outside the activities of lawyers. A question rises, for instance, between the King of Spain and the Indians of Mexico. The "savages" are not subjected to the King by human right. Their dealings with him cannot be determined by human law. Only a divine law, moving Spain as a theodicy, has brought about this juncture between the Indians and the King. Only divine law is competent to rule.

Vitoria expands his thesis. There exists this same divine law—jus inter gentes—between all states. The states are interdependent. There is a societas naturalis—a natural society of nations. The link is God—free to the Spaniard to assume that God's agent in the link be the King of Spain. The world is one society—and between peoples of one society, peaceful intercourse may not be forbidden. France may not impede a Spaniard from visiting France, even from settling in France, provided he violate no law and cause no damage. If this is true between Frenchman and Spaniard, it is true between American and European. Through the fact of their civil rights in a society of nations, the Indian cannot exclude the Spaniard. There exists therefore jus communicationis—the right of immigration. There exists also the freedom of the seas. Spain stands justified in her American penetration.

We are at the mere beginning of Vitoria's subtle structure. Jus commercii—the right of commerce—applies not only to the exchange of merchandise between free peoples, but to the exchange of ideas as well. The Spaniard has the right to preach the Gospel to the Indian. The Indian has the right to preach heathenism to the Spaniard. Either may resist conversion (even as either may decline to purchase proffered goods).

Since no state may prevent a stranger from settling on its lands, nor even from becoming a lawful national, here are the Spaniards legally at home in the Americas. But strong powers must defend by arms the menaced liberties of smaller states. That is a prerogative of a true society of nations. How much more readily therefore shall strong powers defend the menaced liberties of individuals in every state! All states are "organs of human justice." Spain shall protect the innocent from "religious sacrifice" and "from cannibalism in America." If need be, to protect the innocent a state may subjugate wholly an unjust nation.

The theologian brings to Spain her "cosmic place" in the Americas as Christ's agent in the society of nations. But this is not enough. That she may be at peace in Zion, she must be alone. So Vitoria evolves in the era of 1500 the modern theory of "spheres of influence." Pope Alexander was just in submitting the mission of christianizing the Americas to Spain and Portugal, as God's best tools. But the Pope had no "human" right to partition the property of the red man. Vitoria, with all the Dominicans behind him, stands against Pope and King—declaring that "the Indian has as much right to possess property as the Catholic peasant." The Indians, he holds, are potential equals of the Spaniards. They have the right to plebiscite. A majority of their votes alone can justify

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American annexation to the empire of Spain. Beyond the divine and human privileges that are general in a society of nations—"Spain must commit no act in the new world, except by treaty."

The Dominican legists part company with the deeds of Spain. Already, Isabel had been deceived when her adventurous "tools," instead of saving the Indian, enslaved him. Now the followers of Vitoria raise their voices against the behavior of Cortes and Pizarro. Bartolomeo de Las Casas in his Brevissima Relación de la Destrucción de las Indias has written flaming pages that are good reading in our more modern epoch of spheres of influence and a society of nations. But the abstract logic of Vitoria was more useful to the state of Spain than the ethical conclusions of Las Casas. The supreme apologia for villainy and greed—international law—was born and baptised under Christ. It continued to flourish down the years—the exponent of partisan justice—long after Spain's sun had set.

Thus, Vitoria—"War is justified when it is forced on a state in the rightful pursuit of commerce, in the rightful propaganda of ideas—and if the Spaniards have observed all precautions against taking their interests for principles, and their avarice for duty." What empire since has not "taken these precautions?" Christianity was pacifistic; Jesus spoke against violence and the resisting of evil; such men as Tertullian, the Manichees, Saint Francis, Wycliffe, More and Erasmus, had declared unconditionally against warfare. Chiefly that prophetic Berber Augustine took war to be a useable weapon of the just. Vitoria, his neighbor in race and land, leans on Saint Augustine. The anarchic and endemic sin of war is lifted from Europe's conscience. Modern Spain invents the moral war.

> War is justified to right a wrong. . . Difference of religion is no just cause for war. . . Aggrandizement of empire is no just cause for war. . . Principis gloria propria, aut aliud commodum, non est causa belli justa. The prince may not wage war to further either his glory or his own interests. And the wrong to be righted by war must be commensurate with the results of war itself—death, confiscation, rapine—ere a just war can be induced to right it. . . The end of war must be, not evil to the foe, but good. . . Victory must be enjoyed in Christian moderation. . . The people shall not suffer through the faults of their princes. . . Finally, a treaty imposed by force—even after victory—is not valid.

Modern international law is not alone an upshot of these uncomfortable precepts of a Dominican friar—it is a lapse and a decadence. The legal vision of Vitoria is a birth of the old breaking synthesis of mediaeval Europe. International law is a theoretic shred of what was once a spiritual body.

So the anarchy of modern states receives its noblest rationale from this wistfully shrewd priest, whose dream was a society of nations, linked not by greed of steel and need of oil, but by the Spirit. Spain walks the way of God—with irony.

A HOLOCAUST OF SONG

By PADRAIC COLUM

THE CLASSICAL tradition in Irish poetry was breaking before the advent of the major poets, whom Mr. Corkery writes about in the poignant piece of literary history that he calls The Hidden Ireland.* It was broken in the days of the minor poets to whom he gives the last pages of his volume. And yet, in that decadence, a minor poet, entering a village in which a more notable poet lived, could send him a message in lines such as these—

> Inform noble, vigorous, bright John Clárach,
> Poet and scholar whose face is seldom gloomy,
> That I am Wall, the poet of Dun Gourney,
> Not often found in Rath Luirc in a lonely room!

The translation, for all its displacement of adjectives, for all its loss of assonance and alliteration, gives us an assurance of dignity and style in the original. Another minor poet, also of the decadence, who had become a keeper of hens for a dame of one of the big houses, could write an elegy for the John Clárach MacDonnell of Wall's message that had in it a vision of "nine brightnesses with nine lanterns in their hands."

How did it come that such poverty-stricken men, living in a land in which there was only a mob of leaderless peasants, could write verses in which style inheres as it inheres in these quotations? Matthew Arnold noted the feeling for style that was in the fragments of mediaeval Irish poetry that he had become acquainted with, and he came to the conclusion that this feeling for style was a quality of the Celtic mind. In the opening chapters of The Hidden Ireland, we are made aware of the training and discipline that went to the formation of such a style.

For a thousand years there were academies in Ireland that gave a training in the making of verse. Mr. Corkery is of the opinion that these academies were originally pagan and druidical. At all events they gave a training apart from the training that was given in the monasteries. Ireland was different from the rest of Europe in this respect: it had two uni-

**The Hidden Ireland, by Daniel Corkery. New York: The Irish Bookshop. $4.50.*

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versity systems, one, the mediaeval university as organized by the Church, which was European and clerical; and the other, which was native and secular, and which gave a training in the highly specialized art of verse-making. The men trained in what might be called the secular universities, named themselves emphatically "sons of learning." There were the poets, and they formed a corporation; in the words of Mr. Corkery, "they seized and maintained their pride of place, not as individuals, but as a body." In ancient days, according to John O'Donovan, "they discharged the functions and wielded the influence of the modern newspaper and periodical press."

It is of the decadence and the extinction of the bardic order that Mr. Corkery has to tell. The great representatives were now of the south of Ireland—of Munster. The blows that for centuries had been struck at the national life had, in the middle of the seventeenth century, all but disrupted the order. "As an apple from wave to wave, I am tossed from neighbor to neighbor," a poet of the times cries out. But there was worse to come. The Cromwellian conquest and the plantation of Munster with English-speaking Puritans was to take away the neighbors to whom a poet might be tossed: the banishment of the great families who had given them patronage and protection left the poets wanderers—nay, vagrants in the land. There was a rally, and a flash of hope comes into the verse of David O'Bruadair, and that flash remembered gives spirit to some of the poems of Egan O'Rahilly. But Ireland goes down at Aughrim, and after the surrender of Limerick, the Williamite planters come into possession of the land. Such of the Gaelic families as do not go into exile, or who are not "sucked down into the clay," live in remote fastnesses of Kerry and Cork. Yet still there are poets who come together in secret, and who carry on an intellectual tradition—to the very threshold of the nineteenth century they carry it. Then the audience becomes more and more a peasant audience; the poetry merges into the poetry of the folk. At last there is left of a once dominant order, only a man crying out—

> A wanderer and languid am I, furious and cold, weak, prostrate, disease-smitten, wretched on the mountain-top, with none, alas! to befriend me—except heather and the north wind! When, as a bird in its questing, I enter the village, there's no welcome for me—they are cold to my jesting, and the women, gathered together, question one another—who is he? Where is he from? Where is he going?

If you or I who have a curiosity about Irish literature, should go into a public library that has standard books upon the subject, and come before the section that holds them, we should notice about a dozen books in green bindings that are the publications of the Irish Texts Society. Amongst the dozen we should find The Poems of David O'Bruadair, The Poems of Egan O'Rahilly, The Poems of Owen Roe O'Sullivan. We have probably seen one or two poems by each of these poets in translation, but we come to the reading of the bulk of these poems with an uninstructed mind.

If we know about the times in which these men lived, and know of the great devotion that they had for their land and its tradition, we are likely to come to the reading of this cycle of poetry—the poetry of Munster—with a certain prepossession. The final overthrow of the Gaelic people was within the memory of these poets; they were the last to write out of a full Gaelic tradition.

Mr. Corkery tells us about the lives that these Munster poets led; he explains to us the tradition that they came out of, and that they carried on; he tells us what they attempted to do, and what their great achievements were. In short, he shows us how to approach this poetry. And because he has done this, he has performed a first-class service to Irish literature.

The Hidden Ireland that he writes about, was the Ireland of the late seventeenth and the eighteenth centuries—but the Ireland that the historians who wrote in English did not see and took no account of. We know what these historians saw when they looked upon what remained of the national life after conquest had succeeded conquest, and confiscation had followed confiscation—they saw a mob of leaderless peasants cowering under an alien landlordism; they saw squalid cabins and squalid villages. One of them, Lecky, had a glimpse of something else—

"Ejected proprietors whose names might be traced in the Annals of the Four Masters, or around the sculptured crosses of Clonmacnoise, might be found in object poverty hanging around the land that had lately been their own, shrinking from servile labor as from an intolerable pollution, and still receiving a secret homage from their old tenants."

What the historians did not see, were places in this wild country where poets met one another, or delivered the poems they had made, to an audience of peasants. The historians of the times have taken no account of the poets—the poets who, as John O'Donovan declared, were the journalists of their day. Mr. Corkery tells us about them, and tells us about them with the dramatic power of a real story-teller . . . Once, in Ballyvourney, in Cork, a court of poets was assembled in one of the village houses. A voice was heard outside. Catching it, one of the poets "leaped to his feet, flung his head high, and chanted out four lines of welcoming verse"—

> I recognize the note of a man of true power, the witty Egan,
> Approaching this height, full of wisdom and respect,
> You have not yet been acquainted with the great man, nor does he belong to your side,
> And with friendliness of heart I bespeak for him an hundred welcomes.

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So Egan O'Rahilly is introduced to us. Two hundred years after this welcome was given, Mr. Corkery found that it was still to be gathered from the lips of the peasants of the same district. "It is as if we received the lines still warm with human breath—as if the welcome had never grown cold."

The translation of Brightness of Brightness, two verses of which I quote here, is not Mangan's, nor is it given by Mr. Corkery. It is by a young poet, Frank O'Connor—

> Brightness of Brightness lonely met me where I wandered,
> Crystal of Crystal only by her eyes were splendid,
> Sweetness of Sweetness lightly in her speech she squandered,
> Rose-red and lily-glow brightly in her cheeks contended.
>
> Frenzy of frenzy, 'twas, since her beauty did not numb me,
> Since I neared the royal serf, the vassal queen that held me vassal,
> Then I called on Mary's Son to shield me; she started from me,
> And she fled, the lady, the lightning-flash, to Luachra Castle.

This lovely poem that is "compact of brilliancy, spontaneity and poise, had a great popular success. With whom? With "the 'pariahs' of the mud-cabins in the bogs, and the shielings on the mountainsides," whose descendants still cherish the name and the utterances of the poet. We have thought of these poems as belonging to a world more lost than the world of Pindar's odes. And so they would be if they existed only in books. But they live on the lips of men and women who never saw them in a book, who have heard them recited or who have read them in manuscripts. None of these poets ever saw their poems in print, none of them ever held a volume of their poems in their hands.

After O'Rahilly comes O'Sullivan; after the lonely and aloof poet of the broken aristocracy, comes the poet of the people, Red Owen, schoolmaster, potato-digger, British sailor and soldier, vagrant. He sang his songs in wayside taverns; his audience were peasants of Munster. The cultivated groups that Egan O'Rahilly knew were now utterly dispersed. And yet there was no failure of style, no fading out of a high tradition, in what Owen Roe O'Sullivan wrote. Mr. Corkery convinces us of this with every verse that he quotes. The translation of these four lines lets us see that Owen Roe O'Sullivan was a master-lyrist—

> The choiring of birds upon green branches,
> The sea-birds and fishes swimming from the tide,
> The swan brightly taking the crest of the wave,
> And the pearl in the waters' depths, sometimes visible.

It was Owen Roe O'Sullivan who, when he was a common day-laborer, sent a poem to a smith, asking to have a spade made for him. It was to be a spade for a laborer who was not always, in his own mind at least, a spadesman, for—

> At the close of day, should my limbs be tired and sore,
> And the steward gibe that my spade-work is nothing worth,
> Gently I'll speak of death's adventurous ways,
> Or of the Grecian battles in Troy where princes fell . . .
> And, crowning it all, let it have in it the sweetness of a bell!

O'Sullivan died in a hut set apart for people down with fever.

Then there was Brian Merriman, who wrote the Rabelaisian poem, The Midnight Court. Mr. Corkery says of this poet that he had the devastating bleakness that is more truly Gaelic than the soft lyricism of Owen Roe O'Sullivan. The note of bleakness exists only meagerly in his famous poem. "But then, perhaps, it is the latest Irish poem in which it exists at all." The line that gives the note is this—

> I am in the strong grip of the years
> Drawing violently on to the days of greyness.

This note in Irish poetry—and Mr. Corkery when he tells us this is making an illuminating criticism—belongs to pre-renaissance Europe. The art of pre-renaissance Europe was a national, a Christian art—it was an art that had in it a stark reality—the reality that is in Villon's Complaint of the Fair Armouress, and in the middle-Irish Old Woman of Beare. And there is something else that places this poetry in the Europe that is behind the literary tradition we have inherited. The language of these poets had not had the confinement of print. It was luxuriant in sound and image. What different things we have to reconcile before we know how to approach these Munster poets! Starkness and decorativeness; the poet as journalist and the poet as academician; the poem that springs from a definite event, and that yet must be delivered in a highly stylicized form. But perhaps we can best approach this poetry with the picture in our minds that is so vividly given us by Mr. Corkery's words—

> Sometimes, again, I picture those ill-clad and half-starved peasants as taking in these "aisling" poems, debating them, rejoicing for them, exactly as did the lords and ladies of romance-chivalry take in and rejoice for the "aubade" poems, the dawn-songs, of their minstrels—songs that varied in form and treatment only as little as those aisling poems of Munster. To call up in vision the lords and ladies of a twelfth-century castle in Provence—their minstrels singing at their footstools—is to behold a living page of some illuminated song-book of those ages, or a passage in some lovely tapestry—all gold and rich tints, brightened into life. But to call up in vision a motley crowd of Munster peasants of the eighteenth century gathered into a smoke-filled cabin to hear some wandering school-master or spailpín poet sing the latest aisling he had made, is to recollect some tattered, yet vivid, page of Dostoievsky. The enlivening presence of romance is in both visions: in the first, full-blown and radiant, like a rose; in the second, it half-emerges from the surrounding gloom—a hidden gleam, a secret gem, the more precious for its darkling setting. From this mist of gentle music emerges the spéir-bhrunneal (the vision) herself—how can

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one describe what happens? A subtle modulation in the melody, and perhaps no more than that. And just as the dream-seen woodland of the opening, if one chanced to dwell on the features of it, would not disturb the rich flow of music, nay, would still further enhance it, so now the features of the fairy vision, if one dwell on them, do not contradict or even disturb what the swinging, waltz-like rhythm and reiterated vowel-sounds are, through their own intrinsic power, creating within the ear, within the brain . . . These peasants used to take such a song . . . with perfect comprehension. The story, the message, was familiar: it was the given theme.

Is it too much to say that the poets who thus sung to their peasant audience turned defeat into a victory? Most decidedly it is. The poetry they had listened to did not redeem them from a labor that went to the enriching of those "deputies of deputies of deputies" who were the landlords that the conquest had set over them. It did not stand between them and the hunger that was breaking their race; nor the fever that went with the hunger, with the ragged clothes and the squalid houses. Next day they faced again the bailiff—

> In fortified Aherlow, in a gap between two hills,
> *He hitched hunger to the people, forcing them to obey.*
>
> If they drew away wood-strippings, or twigs or crooked branches,
> He would whip streams of blood down from their quarters.

They faced a world in which for them there was neither law nor citizenship. No, the poets were not able to turn defeat into a victory. Nor were they able to avert the consequence of defeat from the poetry they devoted themselves to, nor the language that they gloried in. As leaves of books are torn up, as fabrics are cut to pieces, so the culture that they expressed was being destroyed. The conquerors of Ireland had demonstrated that a culture could be destroyed. Lower and lower the language sank, scantier and scantier became the audiences, more and more rustic became the poets. And then, at last, after a dreary space of more than a hundred years, a political leader came to the people. He came from one of the few Gaelic families who had managed to retain somewhat of their possessions, something of their status. He spoke the language, he had in his memory the poems in which his family was praised. But he bade the people turn from their culture, and wish their language at the bottom of the sea. The poets of the eighteenth century were not able to change defeat into victory. But they made the defeat less complete. When Egan O'Rahilly measured his own and his peoples' woe against the Wave of Cliodhna, beating it back for all its forcefulness and clangor, he had won to his own liberation, he had gained for himself a victory. His people were able to share in what he had won: a throb of that victory must have stayed with them, putting them in better heart to face the bailiff and all those who, while insulting them, exacted endless tributes from them. It might have made them even dream of a time when their childrens' children might hold up their heads in their own land. And as for the poets themselves, as they assembled in some poor cabin, and recited the great names that were in some elegy or some aisling they had made, they must have felt something of that great exultation that is in the speech that William Butler Yeats has given Seanchan, the poet—

> And I would have all know that when all falls
> In ruin, poetry calls out in joy,
> Being the scattering hand, the bursting pod,
> The victim's joy among the holy flames,
> God's laughter at the shattering of the world.

Laodicea

By the fruit I never stole,
For it hung too high for reaching:
By the lie I might have sworn,
But that truth stood out confest:
By the woman's heart left whole
That turned flint to my beseeching:
By each ill design, forborne
As occasion missed the zest:
By the narrow paths I trod,
Faint with longing for the broad:
By the broken spur and trace
That gave panting quarry grace:
By all unsought mercies, found
'Twixt the saddle and the ground—

Judge Eternal, dost Thou hearken?

Soon must day be one with night.
Tell me, 'ere the sun shall darken
And the dark design show bright,
'Ere the urgent flame devour
Soul and body for its prey,
Wilt Thou see me in that hour
As I see myself today?

For heaven all unmete,
Too innocent for hell,
Till the mire about my feet
Foul me, breast and arms as well:
One that has not loved Thy law—
Never broke, save through desire:
Neither ripened ear nor straw,
To be saved nor set afire:
Neither sheep nor goat outcast,
On the Tribune's left nor right—
See me stand beyond Thy face,
Abject still—still not chastised,
With the risen soulless past
Heedful not how Thou requite,
'Mid the inoffensive race
Of the mad and unbaptised?

HENRY LONGAN STUART.

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BOOKS

Brigham Young, by M. R. Werner. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.00.

THERE are certain names that achieve a large celebrity in the world through universal sympathies, and Mr. M. R. Werner has shown a fine sense of this in choosing Brigham Young, the Mormon leader, as a biography to follow his successful life of P. T. Barnum, the circus master. If he will complete his trilogy with another book on Buffalo Bill, he will have gone far to present to Americans, and in fact to the man in the street throughout the whole of Europe, a gallery of notables most typically American and most conspicuously of the new world.

Brigham Young declared in the course of one of his sermons—"I am a Yankee; I guess things and very frequently I guess right." But it would be hard to follow to the end the opinion of another orator who declared that Brigham Young "was a Vermont Pericles, an American Cromwell, a Western Columbus."

Mr. Werner gives an excellent picture of religious conditions among the primitive villages of the Middle-West; the intense realization of the dangers of hell and the emotional release of the camp-meetings. He speaks of the young Diderots, Voltaires and Rousseaus of Yale College, and the single student of Bowdoin who had the courage to declare himself a Christian. It was a ripe season and a fertile ground for the aberrations and schemes of such a group as that of Joseph Smith and Brigham Young. It would be hazardous to accuse these men of self-conscious charlatanism, yet we may find for them a psychological place among the shrewd-minded maniacs, the brilliant half-wits, the defective supermen that are still at large among us and constructing systems and centres from which future times can only reap whirlwinds and desolations.

The work of Joseph Smith, in its constant appeal to credulities of the grosser sort could hardly have outlasted a generation after his death, had it not been for the espousal of his teachings by a really powerful man like Brigham Young—a religious P. T. Barnum, an organizing schemer touched with the obsessions of his own importance, the impeccability of his own character and beliefs. The success of Mormonism has been, therefore, a travesty on the whole Christian development; the pure message of Christ organized into a living church by the heroic wisdom and holiness of his followers; the mystical calling of Saint Francis of Assisi, put upon an enduring basis by the material methods of a spiritual genius like Brother Elias of the Franciscan Order. The resemblance is in the perversions of a correct logical development of good into the lines of error and evil; it is the philosophy of the Black Mass and the desecrations of the destroyer.

The people of the United States are monogamous; the teachings of the Mormons on the subject of plurality of wives has been deceitful and shifting from the start; at first denying it, then qualifying it, then proclaiming it and now attempting to ignore it. As a teaching it was beyond the reach of the law; as a practice it is an infraction of our civilized institutions, a menace to our community life, and an open defiance to our established code of public decency. Hence the persecutions that Mormons were forced to undergo, hence the warfare, and the titanic defenses of Brigham Young and his followers. Mr. Werner has shrewdly referred several times to resemblances in the administrative campaign of Brigham Young and the Arab apostle, Mahomet. A great and successful career based on a falsehood carries with it the character of its foundation.

Mr. Werner writes—"The Utah system of government placed enormous responsibility upon Brigham Young, who was its first autocrat. His position was complicated still further, for besides being a Moses to his people, he was also a self-appointed Solomon and he sat in judgment on the cases of their petty quarrels which he insisted they should bring before the church tribunal rather than the state courts—Brigham Young hated lawyers and tried to do everything possible to make their trade negligible in Utah. The dignity of the law appeared to him an amusing sham—Brigham Young felt no responsibility to anybody but God——'No man need judge me,' he once told the people. For his own people he had to couch all his ideas in a religious mold, which he was able to do with sincerity because he believed in God and he believed in Joseph Smith."

The development of Utah, the coming of non-Mormons, the irrepressible business instincts of some of his own brethren, railroads and prosperity, beat heavily against his religious entrenchments. The effects of the age showed themselves in Brigham Young's code of personal propriety—"He refused to countenance drinking, carousing or quarreling for pleasure. He loved dancing and the theatre." Dances were highly important in a polygamous community where wives did not see much of their husbands. Some kinds of dancing, however, did not meet with Brigham Young's approval. He refused to allow the polka at Mormon dances, and he once said in a sermon—"But a man or woman that intends, when they go into a room prepared for music and dancing, to serve the devil a little while, I would to God they would go to California, where they may serve the devil all they desire to."

Brigham Young did not profess the highest respect for the medical fraternity but four physicians were gathered about him on August 29, 1877, when as a result of a mixture of green corn and peaches he passed to his judgment murmuring, it is said, "Joseph, Joseph, Joseph!" His funeral directions were marked with a practical simplicity that included roominess in the coffin and an absence of crepe.

One Sunday morning in October, 1877, the Rev. DeWitt Talmadge preached to his Brooklyn congregation—"Now, my friends, now at the death of the Mormon chieftain, is the time for the United States government to strike. Let as much of their rich lands be confiscated as will pay for their subjugation. Set Phil Sheridan after them. Give him enough troops and he will teach all Utah that forty wives is thirty-nine too many." But polygamy continued in public practice for fifteen years longer, in spite of the indignation of Brooklyn's Baptists.

It sounds as if all this happened long ago; we shall be more modest if we realize that it was all in our own lifetime and in our own beloved country.

THOMAS WALSH.

John Keats, by Amy Lowell. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $12.50.

THREE or four years ago, at the time of the centenary of Keats's death, a memorial volume was published by the Keats House commitee with contributions from a large number of distinguished men both in England and abroad. These contributions were so uniformly bad that Mr. Middleton Murry was led to remark that a nation which could do no

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better by a great poet a hundred years after his death, did not deserve to have great poets at all. Of all the great romanticists, surely, Keats has least had the benefit of perspicacious, unsentimental criticism: and Mr. Murry must have spoken for many readers when he called for that kind of treatment for the poet. The expectation of Miss Lowell's book had aroused high hopes, before its publication, that at last justice was to be done, and Keats was to come into his own. The book itself proves to be, on many grounds, a most impressive work; as criticism of a great poet, it is something of a disappointment.

As a fully documented, richly detailed account of Keats's life, Miss Lowell's book supersedes all its predecessors and reduces her successors to borrowers. "My object has been," she says, "to make the reader feel as though he were living with Keats, subject to the same influences that surrounded him, moving in his circle, watching the advent of poems as from day to day they sprang into being." In accomplishing this purpose (as she does) Miss Lowell has had at her command a mass of materials of which no other biographer, surely, ever had the like. He emerges (a bit weather-beaten, perhaps) an astonishingly knowable and apparent human being—the triumph of Miss Lowell's feeling for decor, for detail, for the sparkling surfaces of things. Keats's outer life was anything but picturesque; a walking trip to Scotland and the final trip to Italy were the only experiences of his which even approached the adventurous—so much the more decisively, then, it is a tribute to Miss Lowell's art that she forces us to accept as relevant, readable, revelatory, her account of the man's social and literary contacts, his summer vacations in the country, his quarrels with his guardian and with some of his friends, his miserable days of ill-health and low spirits toward the end at Hampstead, and those appalling last days on the sea and in Italy. All that sympathy, sobered by detachment, can do for a biographer, it has done for Miss Lowell, and one is willing to forget, in the validity of the result a scrupulousness which has not always rejected the unessential.

If so much could be said for the critical passages of John Keats, the book would be a very great one. And it would be ungenerous to deny Miss Lowell the credit for having thrown much light on the circumstances under which many of Keats's poems were written, on questions of the order of their composition, and on his methods of writing and revising. Yet one finishes the book with a feeling that though the edges of Keats's art have been skirted and searchlights flashed into the depths of his imagination, the glimmering depths themselves remain to be explored.

This is partly the result of Miss Lowell's capitulation to one particularly obnoxious heresy, a heresy one had supposed hitherto confined to graduate students and Germanic professors—the heresy of the literary source. A whole theory of criticism is involved in this question, and there is no space for it here. Yet I cannot deny that I am sorry to see Keats—indebted as he was to the poets who went before him—given over to the double-entry methods of what the late Sir Walter Raleigh called the ledger school of criticism. It is ridiculously easy to point out parallelism of detail between Drayton's Endimion and Phoebe, and Keats's poem; between Diodorus Siculus, and the Ode to a Nightingale; between Palmerin of England, and La Belle Dame; ridiculously easy and excessively frivolous, since the method is based—one says it with bated breath—on a rudimentary insight into the poetic imagination. This sort of thing is the proof-reading drudgery of criticism, and it is painful to see Miss Lowell breaking her wings on that wheel. Particularly painful since at two or three points in the book she raises our expectations of getting light from her on just those levels of Keats's mind which it was her task to illuminate. I refer to the three following passages, all in volume I: "Keats was an almost completely modern man;" "his life was one long, blind struggle to outdistance his mental environment;" "Keats's peculiar excellence lies in a sort of selfishness." These are searching observations, and if Miss Lowell had expanded them, had shown how they could be supported by a study of everything Keats wrote, how they are true of him as of none of his contemporaries, she would have done his fame an inestimable service. The man who wrote, "A poet is the most unpoetical of anything in existence, because he has no identity," is not to be mentioned in the same breath with the great egotists of his generation, and there are solid grounds for calling the author of Lamia and the Grecian Urn and Hyperion the most advanced poet of his time. On the most careful reading, however, I cannot find that Miss Lowell has anything in mind, in speaking of his modernity, but his eye for color and line and his passion for the exact word. The true significance of her other statements she leaves, far more than she should have done, to our own exegesis.

But if it is impossible to believe that Miss Lowell has said the last word on Keats's mind, it is impossible to deny that she has accumulated in these two rich volumes all the material that criticism will ever need for studying it. Perhaps when one is offered so much cake, it is ungracious to ask for bread.

NEWTON ARVIN.

Living Organisms, An Account of Their Origin and Evolution, by Edwin S. Goodrich. New York: The Clarendon Press. $2.00.

IT IS quite difficult to know what to say about a book like this. Its very ambitious title conceals the fact that it is really a manual of elementary biology—elementary from the university point of view. As to the origin of living things, it tells us little, concerning that matter, and for the very good reason that even its distinguished author knows nothing of how living things came to exist—nothing, that is, from the side of science. He is very careful to tell us that he has no intention, as one writing from the scientific standpoint, of saying anything of the philosophical and still more the theological aspects of the question. As regards their evolution; why naturally hailing from Oxford, always a home of lost causes, that is discussed on frankly Darwinian lines—indeed the author nails his colors to the mast by placing a portrait of the immortal Charles as his frontispiece. "The Darwinian theory still stands unassailable as the one and only rational scientific explanation of evolution by 'natural' forces, whose action can be observed, tested and measured."

It was another Oxford don who put into the mouth of one of his creations the words—"When I say a thing thrice it is true." This don of today needs only to say it once, here and in other places. For his class, for whom doubtless this book is intended, it will be quite useful, and to teachers over here—for, of course, it is full of valuable information and of ideas, but the ordinary student would often have to be warned that the ipse dixits of the author are not always those which at least some of his scientific compeers would reiterate.

BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE.

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BRIEFER MENTION

The Life of San Martin, by Anna Schoellkopf. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.00.

THE two greatest names in South American history are Bolivár and San Martin, and the life of the latter, written by Anna Schoellkopf, comes as a rather belated recognition of the transcendant merits of the warrior and statesman, whom many South Americans regard as the supreme figure in their achievement of independence. In Bolivár, who has generally received the tribute of history as the greatest son of South America, San Martin found a formidable rival. Flushed with his own victories, prepared for in successful campaigns in Spain, and conducted from the Argentine through Chile and Peru, San Martin realized in facing Bolivár at Guayaquil in June, 1822, that his presence constituted a menace to the independent cause, and made an heroic retirement from all his powers and honors which time and his countrymen were rather tardy to acknowledge. Bolivár, the hero of the revolution of Columbia, Bolivia and Venezuela, remained the master of South American destinies, while San Martin retired to Europe, declaring—"The presence of a successful soldier, no matter how disinterested, is dangerous to the states that have just been constituted." He died in exile at Boulogne on August 13, 1850, in his seventy-third year. National regrets, mausoleums, pensions for children and adherents, make up the poor return that the peoples he helped to liberate are able to devote to their patriot.

The Tree of the Folkungs, by Verner von Heidenstam, translated by Arthur J. Chater. New York: A. A. Knopf. $3.00.

A SPLENDID, vigorous picture of the east coast of Sweden at the close of the viking age in the eleventh century, stands forth from the pages of The Tree of the Folkungs by the great modern romanticist, Verner von Heidenstam. Amid the smoke of the fires, the leather hangings and the crude comforts and hardy speech of the primitive Swedes, the author develops a tale of the days when heathenism was giving way before the Christian missionaries; the finer passions of men and women beginning to assert themselves, with all the refinements and comfort of today first coming into use. There is a vigor, graphic and dramatic, in every line of Heidenstam's work that warranted for him the Nobel Prize for literature in 1916, and in the present book, ably rendered into English by Arthur J. Chater, dealing with the struggle between Valdemar, the gay voluptuary, and Magnus, the stern ascetic, he has narrated a tale worthy to stand beside the finest of modern European classics.

The Life of James Elroy Flecker, by Geraldine Hodgson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin and Company. $4.00.

OF missionary and educational descent, James Elroy Flecker developed rapidly into a cultured man of letters, artist and genius. He passed much of his life in the oriental countries and his love of foreign literature went so far that he may be declared to have been absolutely emancipated from British insularity and the literary traditions that hang about the coasts of Albion. A translator who shows real genius, during his final years a consumptive invalid, he devoted himself to the poetry of the Arabs and the French, and left a deathless version of the Old Spanish romance of Lord Arnaldos.

THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart, nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

"I believe that certain occultists claim," said Dr. Angelicus, "that to every person in the world belongs a name that specifies his true soul-identity—and that many people go through life without ever discovering their real names."

"I cannot believe that *all* people do," replied the Editor. "There was, for instance, the famous case of the dentist, named Dr. Sawin—the dressmaker who was Miss Pearl Button—and in our own city of Manhattan the advertisements announce that M. Bowsky is a furrier."

* * *

"True," said Dr. Angelicus. "I was musing on this matter of names and their possession, or lack of, appropriateness, as I lay in a hammock under a great oak in Westchester on Sunday. I had with me a volume of collected modern verse, and lazily opened it at the contents page, to see if the names of the various poets represented, were at all in keeping with the quality their poetry bespeaks. The heat was very great, and feeling rather drowsy, I suppose I must have fallen asleep. At any rate, the next thing I knew, I seemed to be in converse with the compiler of the book of verse.

" 'How did you make your selection of the various poets represented in this book?' I asked him.

" 'Oh,' he replied, 'I happened to be spending the summer in a delightful little village which many poets frequent—called Charles Hanson Towne. There are charming little Rupert Brooks there, where one may fish. They wend their way under lovely little rustic Robert Bridges, entwined with Leonora Speyerea, and Padraic Columbine. Beautiful old trees are Anna Hempstead Branched overhead. There, frequently, Katherine Lee Bates her book. One has to be careful in walking through the fields, not to get Amelia Josephine Burred. To avoid the heat and the Alfred Noyes of the city, I know of no lovelier place of sojourn. The climate is so dry that the pains and the Zoe Akins of rheumatism quickly disappear there.'

" 'The people lead very simple lives—they Drinkwater and nothing else, and John Gould Fletcherize their food. The natives indulge in no city pastimes. Not one of them would know how to play a game of Adelaide Crapsey. When I was there, I stayed in the old house where George Cabot Lodged. In pre-Revolutionary days, it used to be heavily Theodosia Garrisoned against attacks by the Indians. In the summer, it

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* * *

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